

1828

The

1932

Sailor's Magazine



and
SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

72 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

VOL. CIV
No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1932

WHOLE No.
1,251

The American Seamen's Friend Society

72 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Organized May, 1828.

Incorporated April, 1833.

OFFICERS

WINCHESTER NOYES, President

WILLIAM M. KINGSLEY, Vice-President

GEORGE SIDNEY WEBSTER, D.D., Secretary

CLARENCE C. PINNEO, Treasurer

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS

Hon. Geo. B. Cortelyou

Rear-Admiral William S. Sims

Capt. Sir Arthur H. Rostron

Rear-Admiral Harry P. Huse

Hon. Josephus Daniels

Capt. George Fried

Dr. Henry van Dyke

Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.

Hon. Charles E. Hughes

Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Class of 1933

Alexander Torrance,
Morristown, New Jersey.

Ralph H. Stever,
74 Wall Street, New York.

William H. Van Steenbergh,
258 Broadway, New York.

Marcus H. Tracy,
17 State Street, New York.

Winchester Noyes,
17 Battery Place, New York.

J. Stanley Durkee, D.D.,
57 Orange Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clifford D. Mallory,
11 Broadway, New York.

Class of 1935

Fritz v. Briesen,
50 Church Street, New York.

Alfred V. S. Olcott,
West 42nd Street Pier, N. Y.

William M. Kingsley,
45 Wall Street, New York.

Evarts L. Prentiss,
72 Wall Street, New York.

Frederick Sturges, Jr.,
31 Nassau Street, New York.

Class of 1934

Orrin R. Judd,
1 Wall Street, New York.

Charles H. Potter,
40 Rector Street, New York.

Arthur N. Peck,
52 Broadway, New York.

Edgar F. Romig, D.D.,
370 West End Avenue, New York.

Ralph W. Sockman, D.D.,
657 Madison Avenue, New York.

LeRoy E. Kimball,
100 Washington Sq. E., N. Y.

SAILORS' THE MACAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



Mountaineer Reaches the Sea

Is this the sea that crinkles one small breaker
And flecks a little foam against the sand—
This the Atlantic, marvel of its Maker,
Too lazy to reach up and touch the land?

Becalmed, pacific, green as water-cress,
Sleepy and stupid and bereft of motion,
Plebeian almost in its passiveness—
Is this, my Happy Mariner, the ocean?

There is more strength and more diversity,
More challenge in my mountains, more unrest.
This level satin, spread without a seam,
This drowsy reticence, is this the sea,
Lifting one tiny wave against the breast
And slipping back into a marble dream?

—HAROLD VINAL in *New York Times*.

The Sailors' Magazine and Seamen's Friend

Published monthly by
THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at 72 Wall Street, New York

SUBSCRIPTION, One Dollar Annually	Single Copies, 10 Cents
-----------------------------------	-------------------------

GEORGE SIDNEY WEBSTER	<i>Editor</i>
WILLIAM ELLING	<i>Assistant Editor</i>

Address all communications and make checks payable to
THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 72 Wall St., N. Y.
Entered as second class matter, January 13, 1915, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under
act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

Vol. CIV, No. 11

NOVEMBER

Whole No. 1,251

Editorial**The Seamen's Friend**

The sketch history of The American Seamen's Friend Society, entitled "The Seamen's Friend," written by its Secretary, who has served the Society for the past eighteen years, came off the press late in September and has been sent to those who had subscribed for it. Friends who have seen it are enthusiastic about its appearance and interested in its contents. The illustrations came out splendidly, the new process being especially adapted to reproduce old pictures which are of historic value. An etching of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, illustrates a thrilling story of the way a sailor saved the Church from destruction by fire in the year 1811. The portraits of prominent people connected with the work for more than a century give vividness to the narrative of their achievements. The Scribner Press considers the book typographically up to their high standard of excellence. The introduction, illustrated by a life-like portrait of its author, Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, reveals clearly his love of the sea and sailors.

A special limited edition, bound in full leather and gilt, numbered and autographed by the author, Dr. George S. Webster, will be sent postpaid in a neat box for five dollars. It can be secured only through The American Seamen's Friend Society, 72 Wall Street, New York City. New subscribers to the book will receive the SAILORS' MAGAZINE free for one year.

Merchant Marine Academy

The New York State Merchant Marine Academy held its graduating exercises in the Maritime Exchange, New York City, September 30, 1932, at 2:30 p. m. The main floor of the Exchange was filled

with the cadets of the Schoolship *Empire State* and their friends, and the New York Police Department band of sixty pieces. Mr. Thomas F. Baker, of the Board of Visitors, presided most graciously and efficiently. President McCormack of the Maritime Association gave a cordial welcome to all present. After the invocation by Dr. George S. Webster, the diplomas and certificates were presented to the twenty-one members of the graduating class by Mr. Robert W. Higbie, in behalf of the New York State Board of Regents. He voiced his personal interest in the School and gave good advice to the cadets. Colonel Archibald G. Thacher, Trustee and Counsel for the Seamen's Bank for Savings, presented each graduate with a Savings Bank book with a credit of one dollar, the gift of the Trustees. He also showed and described a very interesting relic of more than a century ago. It was a box in the form of a book made in Dartmoor Prison, England, by American prisoners of the War of 1812, one of whom was his relative who commanded the *Paul Jones*, an American privateer. His address was heartily applauded.

Dr. George S. Webster, in behalf of The American Seamen's Friend Society, presented each graduate of this class and also the nine cadets who graduated May 21, 1932, with a copy of the Scriptures and Seamen's Manual of Worship. He gave these future officers of our American Merchant Marine a hearty invitation to visit the headquarters of the Society in New York City, and also in the various ports of the world where they found its affiliated stations. Captain P. F. Donnelly, Marine Superintendent Emeritus, of the Isthmian Steamship Lines, gave good advice to the graduating class which may be found in this issue of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE under the title "Happy Courtesy." The Superintendent and Commanding Officer, Captain J. H. Tomb, U. S. Ret., gave a fine address in which he explained the absence of the usual prizes because this class had been divided, nine of the thirty having completed their course in May, most of whom were now at sea. He also was enthusiastic about the prospect of securing a shore base for the Academy at Fort Schuyler near the city, which would enable the School to have a four years' course and fit men not only for sea service but also for executive positions ashore. The occasion was enlivened by music from the band. The large and enthusiastic audience indicated their splendid interest in the careers of these future officers and engineers of the American Merchant Marine.

The Romance of Ship Building

REV. MARINUS JAMES, S. T. D.

The ship on which St. Paul journeyed to Rome carried 277 people including the crew, besides a cargo.

Some of the early Phœnician galleys were manned by crews of 120 rowers. The Greeks employed three kinds of vessels propelled by oars, biremes—two banks of oars, triremes—three banks of oars and 120 feet in length, and quinqueremes—five banks of oars. The Romans, not to be outdone by the Greeks, copied their warring ships, after the Greek ships of Carthage. Some of these Roman war vessels were 200 feet in length. The earliest Briton sailors employed small boats of slender construction. The ribs were made of light wood and the covering of skins. At the time of Julius Cæsar the Britons surpassed the Romans in ship building and their hulls were constructed of oak. These ships were propelled by oars and sails of skins hoisted by leather thongs. At one time after the Romans came, Britain employed 800 vessels in the transport of corn from London to Rome.

It took seventy days for Columbus to sail from Palos, Spain, to the Gulf of Mexico in the year 1492. The writer of this article made a voyage, lasting 144 days, from New York to Java, in an iron, square-rigged sailing vessel in the year 1897; not so bad for Columbus.

In the year 1854, the American-built clipper ship *Lightning* sailed 436 nautical miles in 24 hours on her way from Boston to Liverpool, logging as high as 18½ miles an hour for several hours. The fastest trans-Atlantic yacht voyage was made by the *Atlantic*. The distance of 3,013 nautical miles from Sandy Hook to the Lizard, England, was negotiated in 12 days, 4 hours, 1 minute and 19 seconds. The occasion was the race for the German Emperor's cup in 1905.

The largest wooden clipper ship built in the golden era of American clippers was the *Great Republic*. The total height of her main mast was 288 feet, or 67 feet taller than the Bunker Hill Monument.

The first steamboat was not the first boat to use paddles for propulsion. The Romans had used them in their galleys, turning or driving them by hand. Patrick Miller, a retired Edinburgh banker, experimented with a boat at Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, England. His boat was driven by hand-propelled paddles. Together with

William Symington, who had made a steam carriage, he built a little steamship which was really two boats side by side, with the engine in one boat, the boiler in the other, and the paddle wheel working between the two. Robert Fulton hearing of this experiment in 1788 launched his steamship in 1807. The engine which was to drive his steamer was carried across the ocean in a sailing vessel in a box! As Fulton's boat steamed along at night the noise of her machinery and the sparks from her funnel so terrified the crews of other ships that they shrank beneath their decks or let their vessels run ashore, while others "prostrated themselves and begged Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster which was marching on the waves and lighting its path by fire." The writer discovered that in certain parts of the Malay Peninsula the natives still call a steamship "cappal setan," that is, "ship of the devil" or "cappal api," which means "ship of fire."

The first trans-Atlantic steamship passage was made by the *Savannah*, 350 tons, built at New York. She sailed from Savannah, Georgia, and reached Liverpool after a voyage of 26 days, during 18 of which she used her side-paddles. This first steamboat passage made by the *Savannah* in 1819 was reduced to 9 days and 19 hours when the *Pacific* in 1851 developed what seemed impossible speed to the shipbuilders of the middle of the nineteenth century. The *Pacific* was really the pace-maker in the international race for speed that has already lasted eighty years and is still on.

The *Europa* of the North German Lloyd Line in 1930 smashed all records on her maiden voyage between Cherbourg and the Ambrose Channel Lightship in 4 days, 17 hours, 6 minutes, at an average speed of 27.91 knots. The beautiful *Mauretania* with her yacht-like lines, built in 1907, bettered all her previous records in August, 1929, when she averaged 27.2 knots after having held the blue ribbon for 22 years.

The beginning of the construction of great ocean liners dates back to the year 1858. It was a daring experiment and in reality was a premature birth, for many years elapsed before ship builders again undertook to build steamships equal to her in length and size. Her gross tonnage was 18,915 tons. She was built of iron and had two paddle wheels and a screw-propeller. Her speed under paddles averaged 7 knots, under screw 9 knots and with both paddles and screw 15 knots. This premature giant of the seas had accommodation for 800 first, 2,000 second and 800 third class passengers. She could

carry 10,000 troops. As a passenger carrier the *Great Eastern* was a failure, especially from the financial point of view. As a cable layer from 1864 to 1886 she did valiantly.

It was said some years ago that, on account of the prohibitive cost of building and maintaining great and fast ocean greyhounds, the limit had been reached in tonnage and in speed. The longest steamship now engaged in the Atlantic trade is the *Majestic*, with a length of 915 feet. It is interesting to note that the *Great Eastern* seventy-four years ago had a length of 693 feet and that only seventeen steamships in the passenger service today have greater length. Her breadth of eighty-three feet is only surpassed by thirteen modern steamships.

The S. S. *Manhattan*, the largest ocean liner ever built in America, broke the record for a cabin ship in crossing the Atlantic on her maiden voyage in August, 1932. The *New York Times* reports, "The liner's sailing time from Ambrose Channel light vessel to Roche's Point, Ireland, a distance of 2,878 miles, was 5 days 14 hours, 25 minutes, which marked the first time the run between New York and Cobh had been achieved by a cabin vessel in less than six days." This is another feather in the cap of her master, George Fried, one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of The American Seamen's Friend Society.

That the limit of great steamships has not reached the sky is indicated by the announcements of a new French liner now in course of construction, having a length of 1,020 feet. It is also known that England in the Cunard Line is meeting the challenge of France in the announcement that a steamship with a tonnage of 70,000 and a horse power of from 190,000 to 200,000, or from 60,000 to 70,000 more than that of the *Bremen* and *Europa* of Germany, is now on the ways. This liner will also be over 1,000 feet in length, or longer than the height of the Eiffel tower in Paris, which up to a few years ago was the tallest building in the world.

Believe it or not, but I maintain that the history of ship building is the most romantic of all transportation on land, on sea or in the air!

An insurance man making his first ocean trip inquired of the captain of the ship. "When does the tide rise?" "About 2 o'clock tomorrow morning." "Please have me awakened so I can close the 'port hole.' "

Happy Courtesy

CAPTAIN P. F. DONNELLY

MY DEAR YOUNG GRADUATES:

I am very happy indeed to be here today on this special occasion—your Graduation—and I congratulate you in all sincerity.

The subject matter on which I am about to address you is under the title of Happy Courtesy. I shall speak with the freedom of experience, and I hope without being invasive.

The courtesies of life which make the road pleasant to travel are born of politeness and thought for others. It is not the casual act of Nature but the continuation of those little civilities which show the disposition of character more clearly than all the tests of Science.

The truly courteous person does not practice Courtesy because it pays, but because it is a method that procreates the fine feeling toward others which should be expressed in words free from pretense, since sincerity is the hallmark of honor.

In every walk of life, and more especially in our reciprocal commercial dealings with the nations of the world, politeness becomes an asset which costs nothing, yet yields large returns. We get more out of it than we put into it. In fact, it makes us appear outwardly as we really should feel inwardly.

On your travels you will sometimes meet with individuals who return good for evil, a smile for a frown, but will it make you more manly to give a frown and a harsh word and receive in return a smile and a courteous word? Only lack of consideration will cause you to be discourteous. Therefore, to be courteous it is necessary to use consideration; but in the rush of life as we know it, we have not time to thoroughly consider every word and every action. However, there is a powerful force at our command which will overcome this lack of time for consideration, that force is habit. Habit, which is actually the functioning of our subconscious minds, is quicker and surer than conscious thought. Habit is formed by repeating an act so frequently that the sub-conscious mind envelops the action and from then on we need not think to perform that particular action; habit takes care of it for us. Try it, and you will prove to yourselves that these words are true. Make it, then, a habit to be courteous and considerate of others under any and all conditions, and you will avoid friction and resistance as you voyage onward.

And here, my dear young friends, it remains for me to say that, if we consult the history of peoples and nations, we find at all times that a special significance has been attached to courtesy. Long centuries ago Confucius classed politeness as one of his five cardinal virtues, and more than twenty centuries later we find Webster stating that courtesy is politeness combined with kindness, and you know as well as I do that kindness is the velvet of social intercourse, and sweetens the currents of life. Therefore by your courteous dealings with men of business abroad you will create confidence in their minds, and give a liberal scope to their understanding of you.

In conclusion let me tell you that in your brave voyaging through life, and to lands afar, a little smile will set in motion a lot of good. The rose with all its fragrance cannot give forth a smile; gems must borrow their magnificent coloring from a reflected light. The human face is the only thing in the world that can produce a smile. Have you ever thought of that? But remember well that a smile lacking sincerity is like a rose that has faded and has lost its fragrance. Besides, laugh and the world will like you, and laughter is healthy, for it is the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, and the leaven of youth.

I shall trespass no longer on your patience for which I am very grateful; one word only, and that is: I am without doubt that young men of your sound training and fine mold will surely discover during your travels around the world a distinguished pleasure in fulfilling the obligations of international Happy Courtesy.

One Hundred Years Ago

The October and November, 1832, issues of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE were nearly filled with accounts of the cholera then raging in New York. One article began thus: "Cholera victims—this pestilence prevails almost exclusively among the intemperate and the vicious." Statistics from hospitals and many cases were cited to prove this assertion. The following bit of humor seemed appropriate. "A certain physician at sea made great use of sea-water among his patients. Whatever disease came on, a dose of the nauseating liquid was the first thrown down. In process of time the doctor fell overboard. A great bustle consequently ensued on board, in the midst of which the captain came up and anxiously inquired the cause, "Oh, nothing, Sir," answered a tar, "only the doctor has fallen into his medicine chest."

Saved by a Life Line

A revolver pressed against his temple, there stood the sailor—life a failure, money wasted, character debauched. With nothing left to live for, he planned the end. That his neighbors might not hear the discharge, lowering the weapon for a moment, he stepped to the radio to turn it on at full force. Suddenly he was arrested—a clear, ringing voice out of the air said the thing that makes this story possible.

Having served four years in the United States Navy, W— S— was a full-fledged seaman.

His enlistment was contrary to the wishes and prayers of both father and stepmother. His own mother had died when he was but a child, praying that his life might honor God. Perhaps through overpersuasion and youth's desire to see the world, he affixed his name to the dotted line. There was then no turning back. So the boy of twenty faced his Christian parents with the news of his enlistment.

"Father," said the lad, as they clasped hands at parting, "I realize now that I have made a terrible mistake, and I can only ask you to forgive me, and forgive also the many times I have broken your heart and brought you worry by the life I have lived."

"Sure, I will, son, sure I will!" and the father closed his eyes and added earnest prayer for his boy.

The mother's farewell included the gift of a Bible, and the counsel, "Let this be your guide, and if ever you are in trouble, look up to God."

The father's parting assurance was, "My boy, if things don't go right, remember this is your home."

Training concluded, a world tour was begun. For many weeks the boy kept faith with promises and ideals. Shore leave, the influence of comrades, the lure of license—the sequel: a debauched and fallen boy.

However, home ties were not wholly forgotten or entirely severed, and, when the four-year enlistment came to its end, the wanderer made for the haven of home. He had announced his arrival by telephone, and as he approached he saw his father hurrying to welcome him. They walked toward home, and the boy asked of his mother's health: No answer. Again, he inquired. No response. Thinking that his father may have become deaf in the years he had been gone, he raised his voice and asked again.

Tears had come to the father's eyes. He said, "Son, your mother died only yesterday, sitting in her chair, and watching for you to come."

Sobered by his grief, and removed from the lure of his former life, for many months the returned sailor walked a path of comparative morality. But Satan had not forgotten him. Tempters lurked about, and at last, though in the meantime he had married, he was again on the path of wickedness. He forgot God—but God did not forget him.

Months sped by, each alike in that grossness and carousal were the mighty billows driving him against the rocks of despair.

He had disgraced friends, had spent all and was in want; his wife threatened to divorce him. Why continue living? In desperation he determined to take his own life. It was an easy way out. The weapon was prepared. In the room where he purposed to commit the deed stood the family radio. If this were on in full force, neighbors might not hear the discharge of the pistol. Turning it on, he stepped off to point the weapon at his temple. Hark! What was that?

"FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS
ONLY BEGOTTEN SON THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH
IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING
LIFE."

At just the moment of need John 3:16, that blessed message of salvation, had come in over W-M-B-I, the radio station of the Moody Bible Institute.

The gun dropped to his side. He fell to his knees. A cry of anguish and a prayer of need escaped his lips. God heard. The storm-tossed sailor grasped the life line, was brought to shore, and his feet were planted on the Rock of Ages.

A spiritual change had truly been wrought. Habits that held him were stricken from his soul. Peace and hope came to his heart.

After a few days he made his way down into the city and was led of the Spirit of God to attend the noon meeting being held in a down-town Theatre by the Christian Business Men's Committee. The prayer from the platform again used his life-line verse, John 3:16.

The speaker was from the Moody Bible Institute, and his text was that same John 3:16. The entire service was used of the Spirit to help the saved seaman make his public confession. He was the first one to walk down the aisle to enlist in lifelong service for God's only begotten Son, who had made it possible that he should not perish, but that he should have everlasting life.

For this seaman, John, three-sixteen, was a life line.

—*The Messenger.*

Abide With Me

The voyage from Naples to Gibraltar had been delightful. The deep blue, almost purple waters of the Mediterranean had been calm and peaceful, while overhead the azure sky added beauty to the scene. We passed the Straits late in the afternoon and came into a freshening breeze, but when in the evening the light on Cape St. Vincent faded from sight we were in the teeth of a sharp Northwester.

All that night the steamer tossed and tumbled and for days the gale roared around us. The waves ran high. When the boat plunged her nose into the crest of the huge billows her stern was lifted far out of the water so the screws raced or churned in the air and the craft quivered from the vibration. The strain on the drive shafts was great.

One day during a lull in the storm the engines slowed down until they made only steerage way so as to keep the head of the steamer into the wind. Down in the engine room men pounded and hammered, but none of the passengers could learn what might be the nature of the trouble. For two or three hours that great boat lay there, then the engines started once more with their full power while all on board breathed a sigh of relief. Soon after that the storm began again in all its fury.

When dinner was over that evening and the tables were all cleared, a few of the passengers gathered in the dining saloon to offer up thanksgiving for the loving protection of their Heavenly Father. It was Sunday, but only a few of the passengers were able to be out of their berths and no morning service had been held for that reason. Even then only a mere handful of earnest people gathered there to express their gratitude.

The first hymn selected was the one most fitted for such an occasion. It was the old familiar song:

Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power.
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be.
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Every chord in that hymn touched some answering chord in the hearts of those present at that evening hour. The One who had stilled the tempest and shielded them from harm deserved all their gratitude. Like little children all came to him, with hearts full of trust and faith.

—SAMUEL H. LONGLEY in *The Watchman-Examiner*.



A Boy and His Navy

Since time began ships—little ships, big ships, sailing ships, steamships, pirate ships, every kind of ship—have held an irresistible fascination for a boy. And with ships come sailors—the strong, sturdy, vigorous men who go down in ships to the big, mysterious, unknown seven seas.

Nearly every boy has at one time determined to be a sailor and, consequently, from the days of his first jackknife, he has fashioned ships and sailed them on whatever miniature oceans have been available to him. And, of course, almost always in ship play the boy is the captain of his own ship, or the admiral of his own fleet, which is exactly as it ought to be. In a very true sense a boy's life *is* a ship, and his experiences are a fleet about him; so, true to his dreams, he actually finds himself with a navy. Isn't that a fascinating idea? And what interesting—yes, challenging—names his vessels carry; for in every boy's fleet there should be found *friendship, citizenship, workmanship, stewardship, and worship*.

Another thing which I think is not only interesting, but worthy of special note about every boy and his ships, is that they are, every one, ships—not a raft in the squadron! That is significant, for the reason that ships are all going somewhere. They are headed for a port; they have a definite objective; they have been issued "sailing papers"; they have motive power, propellers, and rudders, while rafts just drift wherever the current takes them. Who wants to be a raft?

One never meets a raft coming upstream; it takes a powered vessel to battle the currents. Lazily drifting downstream, always riding with the current, never appeals to a vigorous youth, whose blood is full of adventure and the desire for new experiences. By his very nature a boy is an explorer who longs to see what's a little farther upstream, around the next bend.

There are rafts of rafts getting nowhere fast, but most ships are port bound, unless, unhappily, they are crippled, disabled ships in distress, which need to be dry-docked for repairs, or, perhaps, unfortunate ships which have got into the clutches of treacherous, evil currents that are too strong for normal motor power to baffle unaided.

One of the most interesting stories out of my generous amount of boyhood reading, which is fastened forever in my memory, is the



yarn of a great derelict ship. Battled and buffeted by winter gales, and unmanned except for one sailor, this ship finally drifted into the Sargasso Sea—a warm, circular current of the South Seas, surrounded, like a great shore line, with heavy banks of rank, growing seaweed—and in this imaginary harbor the broken and beaten ship, propellerless and with no motor power, went round and round and round until it disintegrated and fell apart, timber by timber. I journeyed with that ship, in my boyhood imagination, until I became vividly convinced that, in so far as lay within me, I would avoid any such personal experience. No Sargasso Sea of utter uselessness and failure for me, when a thousand shining ports of interest and useful-

ness beckon and call for cargoes of food and clothing and education and medical attention and necessary merchandise!

During the World War I used to see daily—that is, after I learned to see them—the great Atlantic squadron at anchor in the Hudson River up by Grant's Tomb, and each great vessel was painted so as to look as if it weren't there at all. What a different impression the sinister fleet of destruction created from the harbor docks lined with trim, freshly painted ships of the merchant marine, dedicated to meeting the needs of all humanity! Who ever heard of a battleship or of a submarine named the Friendship, the Citizenship, or the Worship?

I'm proud of my own little navy. Each ship is trim and fresh, and with a peculiar job of its own, quite essential to my personal happiness and usefulness. I couldn't do without a single one of them without crippling myself. Together we sail on to the port of Better Things, eager to have our voyage blessed with usefulness, happiness, and success.

Each of us starts life as a "beautiful ship with true colors of youth flying; strong of body, clean of heart and mind." Life is a voyage. Is your navy ready to help you to accomplish your purposes, realize your ambitions, and make of your life a blessing?

—FRANK H. CHELEY in *The Pioneer*.

A Sailor Boy Who Disobeyed Orders

After the battle of Manila, when the *Olympia* was in Manila harbor, a powder-boy lost his coat overboard and asked permission to go over after it.

He was ordered to remain on the ship, but disobeyed, and, slipping around to the other side of the vessel, dropped into the bay and swam around, and finally recovered his coat. He was hauled on board and placed under arrest for disobedience of orders, and was finally brought before the admiral. Dewey questioned him abruptly, and tears came to the boy's eyes. He reached into the pocket of the dripping coat and took out a woman's picture.

"It's my mother," he said. "The only picture I've got."

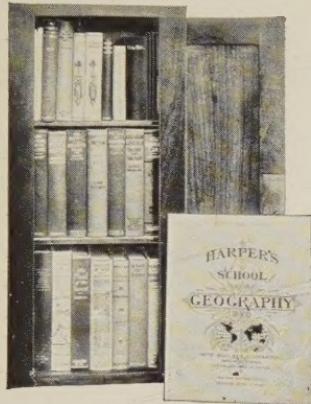
"My boy," said Dewey, after a moment of silence, "a lad who would risk his life to recover his mother's picture will not be punished by me. You ought not to have disobeyed the order. But I congratulate you on having done it."

—*The Maritime Baptist*.

Loan Libraries

WILLIAM ELLING

During September, 1932, thirty loan libraries were sent to sea. Of these five were new and twenty-five refitted and reshipped as good as new. The new libraries were numbers 13,581-13,585.



The twenty-five libraries reshipped were:

12,985	13,155	13,283	13,421
13,012	13,214	13,304	13,441
13,062	13,224	13,347	13,473
13,077	13,228	13,355	13,476
13,120	13,234	13,370	13,518
13,129	13,260	13,388	13,519
		13,539	

In May, 1928, William H. McGee & Co., Inc., sent to sea No. 13,120 on the steamship *Steel Navigator* of New York, bound for Round-the-world, Capt. Freeman, with forty-five men in the crew; it was returned in November, 1930, and reshipped on the steamship *E. L. Doheny*, of Los Angeles, Calif., bound for Aruba, D. W. I., Capt. Lord, with thirty-nine men in the crew, and is now on the steamship *President Jackson* of Seattle, Wash, bound for San Francisco, Calif., and Kobe, Japan, Capt. Griffith and two hundred and fifty men in the crew.

No. 13,129 sent to sea in September, 1928, by Mrs. Arthur R. Kimball of Waterbury, Conn., has made seven voyages on different vessels, first on the steamship *President Harding* of New York, bound for Germany, etc., Capt. Rind, with two hundred and seventy men in the crew; second, on the steamship *El Lago*, of New York, bound for New Orleans, La., Capt. Lango, with thirty-six men in the crew; third, on the steamship *City of Birmingham*, of Savannah, bound for Boston, Mass., and Savannah, Ga., Capt. Johnson, with eighty men in the crew; fourth, on the steamship *City of Chattanooga*, of Savannah, bound for Savannah, Ga., Capt. Hammond, with ninety-six men in the crew; fifth, on the steamship *City of Atlanta*, of Savannah, bound for Savannah, Ga., Capt. Diehl, with

seventy-two men in the crew; sixth, on the steamship *Exporter*, of New York, bound for Salonica, Greece, Capt. Sinnott, with thirty-five men in the crew; seventh, on the steamship *Sixaola*, of New York, bound for Kingston, Jamaica, Capt. Bruer, with seventy-five men in the crew, and is now on the steamship *Calamares*, of New York, bound for Port Limon, C. A., Capt. Glenn, and one hundred and two men in the crew.

No. 13,214, sent to sea in March, 1929, by George Sidney Webster, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has made five voyages; first, to Venezuela, S. A., on the steamship *Tachira* of New York, Capt. Johnson, with thirty men in the crew; second, to San Francisco, Calif., on the steamship *Sagadahoc* of New York, Capt. Mikkelsen, with thirty-six men in the crew; third, to Jacksonville, Fla., on the steamship *Henry R. Mallory*, of New York, Capt. Davidson, with sixty-seven men in the crew; fourth, to Liverpool, Eng., on the steamship *Coelleda*, of Liverpool, Capt. Hickey, with thirty-five men in the crew; fifth, to Havre, France, on the steamship *Vincent*, of Kearny, N. J., Capt. Hart, with thirty-five men in the crew, and is now on a voyage to Malta and other Mediterranean ports, on the steamship *Excelsior*, of New York, Capt. McGowan, and fifty men in the crew.

No. 13,228, sent to sea in April, 1929, by Miss Jenny Mambourg, of New York, has just completed its seventh voyage, but off it goes again on the steamship *President McKinley* of Seattle, Wash., bound for Manila, P. I., Capt. Casey, and two hundred and fifty men in the crew.

The radio operator of the steamship *Seminole*, writes of No. 12,993: "Not only do we appreciate the prompt manner in which you renew our loan library, but also the apparent care taken in making the selection of various types of books for our use at sea. We heartily appreciate the library service."

A cadet on the steamship *President Adams*, writes of No. 13,200: "On behalf of the officers and crew of this vessel, I thank the American Seamen's Friend Society for the interesting books in the loan library placed on board last voyage. The books were read with much pleasure by all on board."

The radio operator of the steamship *Lancaster*, writes of No. 13,319: "This is to express the appreciation of myself and colleagues aboard this vessel for the library service which The American Seamen's Friend Society affords us. We find the books both entertaining and instructive and we have reached the point where we would not care to go to sea without them. We hope to be favored with a continuation of this service."

The American Seamen's Friend Society

AFFILIATED AND COOPERATING SOCIETIES IN HOME AND FOREIGN PORTS

Seamen's House, 550 West 20th Street, New York City, George F. Robinson, Executive Secretary, S. M. Cowles, Business Secretary, Rev. James C. Healey, Chaplain, Stafford Wright, Employment Secretary.

Fishermen's Institute, 8 Duncan St., Gloucester, Mass., Rev. George E. Russell, Chaplain.

Seamen's Rest, Newport News, Va.,

Seamen's Bethel and Institute, 204 West Bute St., Norfolk, Va., Thomas E. Gould, Manager.

Seamen's Bethel, 2218 St. Thomas St., New Orleans, La., Captain William Lamb, Supt.

Adoue Seamen's Bethel, Galveston, Texas, Rev. J. F. Sarner, Chaplain.

Upper Canada Tract Society, 128 University Ave., Toronto, Canada, George M. Speedie, Supt.

Salvation Army Sailors' Home, Rua Saccadura Cabral 233, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Rev. H. C. Tucker, D.D.

Sailors' Home and Mission, Ituzaingo 1522, Montevideo, Uruguay, Major Wilson, Supt.

Victoria Sailors' Home, Independencia 20, Buenos Aires, Argentine, P. J. Wyatt, Supt.

Sailors' Rest, 16 via Milano, Genoa, Italy, Rev. R. P. R. Anderson, Supt.

Seamen's Institute, 1 via Fiume, Leghorn, Italy, Joseph G. Welsby, Supt.

Sailors' Rest, via Marina Nuova 47, Naples, Italy, A. R. Messam, Port Missionary.

Mariners' Institute, 21 Avenue d'Italie, Antwerp, Belgium, Rev. Stanley Parker, Chaplain.

Sailors' Rest, 18 Rua Roberto Ivens, Funchal, Madeira, Rev. William George Smart, Supt.

Seamen's Home, 26 Oura, Nagasaki, Japan, James A. McAlpine, Manager.

The American Seamen's Friend Society is also associated for work in Foreign Ports with the British Sailors' Society, 680 Commercial Road, London, E. 14, England, Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.

Contributions and legacies in support of the affiliated work, and to aid shipwrecked, destitute and unemployed seamen and to place on vessels Loan Libraries for seamen at sea (\$25.00) ARE GREATLY NEEDED.

Checks payable to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY may be mailed to CLARENCE C. PINNEO, Treasurer, 72 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The American Seamen's Friend Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which in the formation of the will should be strictly observed.

1st. That the testator subscribe (or acknowledge the subscription of) the will in their presence. 2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament. 3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

